6.

# THE SHEPHEARDS ORACLE:

*DELIVERED*

IN AN

# EGLOGUE.

Virg.

--- *Pan curat oves oviumq; magistros.*

Printed in the Yeare, 1644.

# To the Readers.

*WHoſe ſoever theſe Lines were, Readers they are now yours. The Authors name is obſcured, not for that he dares not owne them, but that he will not. The Senſe of this Eglogue is covered with a vaile, but ſo thin that an eaſie eye may tranſpect it. Lord, what times are theſe, when harmeleſſe Truth is daſht ſo out of Countenance, that ſhe dare not appeare but when ſhe comes in a diſguize! If I have done the Author wrong in publiſhing his Lines, not according to his minde, be you candid in protecting them according to their merit.*

# EGLOGVE

*Philarchus, Philorthus, Anarchus.*

*Philarchus.*

SHepheard, ah Shepheard, what ſad dayes have we
(More ſad then theſe ſad dayes) ſurviv'd to ſee!
How is the guilt of our forefathers crimes,
Revengd on us in theſe diſtracted times!
How is the Shepheards honour, that while ere
Shone like the morning Star; and did appeare
To all the world, like *Heraulds* to make knowne
Th' aproaching Glory of the riſing *Sun!*
How is that honour dim! how is her light
Clouded in ſhades of Ignorance and night!
How is our Calling ſlighted, and that power
Our Maſter lent us, threatned every howre!
How are our worried Names become the ſcorne
Of every baſe Mechanick! rent and torne
In every vulgar mouth? reproacht and made
Delinquents, judgd by every triviall Trade!
How are our perſons ſcornd, contemnd, revild,
Nay even by him whoſe ſchoole-inſtructed child
Jeeres at his ignorance; and oft by him
Whoſe ſinking fortunes teaches how to ſwim
With zealous Bladders, being apt to ſteale

Advantage from the times, and trade in Zeale.
How are we growne the By-word of the land,
Commanded now, where late we did command!
Preſt like a Vintage, banded like a Ball?
Deſpiſd of many, and diſpriſd of all!

*Philorthus.*

True my *Philarchus*; Shepheards never found
So hard a time; Ah fortune never frownd
So ſterne till now; Preſumptious Ignorance
Had nere till now the boldneſſe to advance
Her beetle browes, or once to tread the Stage
Of this bleſt Iſland in ſo bright an Age.
But ah! when Lights grow dim and dull, what hand
Can keep out darkneſſe? who can countermand
The melancholly ſhades of ugly night (light?
When heaven wants Lamps, or when thoſe Lamps want
Come Shepheard come, (here's none but Thee and I)
We taxe the Times, but could the times reply
They'd vindicate their evils, and lay their crimes
On us poore Shepheards that thus taxe the Times.
Had we burnt bright, had our refulgent Rayes
Given luſtre to the world, and fill'd our dayes
With glorious brightneſſe, how had darkneſſe found
A place for entrance? where could ſhadowes ground
Their ayery errands? or what ſoule could taint
Our Sun-bright names? what evill could cauſe complaint?
How bleſt! how more then bleſt had Shepheards been,

Had Shepheards beene ſo happy to have ſeene
But their owne happineſſe; Had the waxen wings
Of their ambitious thoughts not aymd at things
Beyond their pitch; Had they beene wiſe to move
In their owne Orbes, and not like *Phaeton* rove
Through the wilde Labyrinth of th' Olimpick Tower,
And ſearch'd the ſecrets of too vaſt a power,

| The Tragedy of *Locrine* . | *The Fourth Edition* . | LONDON, | Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be ſold by *Joſeph Knight* | and *Francis Saunders*, at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk | of the *New Exchange*. 1685. |
Folio, A LARGE COPY ($13\frac{7}{8}$ *in.* × 9 *in.*), IN THE FINEST

Entruſted there by our all-wiſe God *Pan*,
(To whom the frailties of collapſed Man
Was knowne too well) for ſome diſorders growne
Among us Swaines is cry'd, is voted downe;
And that faire Livelyhood that late maintaind
Thoſe love-preſerving Feſtivals which chaind
Our mutuall hearts in links of love; which clad

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182 [QUARLES (Francis)]. THE SHEPHEARDS ORACLE: DELIVERED IN AN EGLOGUE. Sm. 4to., 8 *leaves, newly bound in calf gilt, gilt edges* *Printed in the Yeare*, 1644 10 10

VERY RARE. This is the first instalment (eleventh eclogue) of what appeared in 1646 under the title of "The Shephearde's Oracles." The copy in the Huth Library, the copy in the Hoe Library, 2 copies sold at Sotheby's in 1899 and 1901, and the present, are supposed to be the only copies known.

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And ſearch'd the ſecrets of too vaſt a power,
Their Glory had not found ſo ſhort a date,
Nor cauſd combuſtion in ſo calme a State.

*Philarchus.*

Admit all this *Philorthus* (for who can
Conſider frailty and not think of Man?)
Shall ſome few ſtaines in the full Lampe of night
Cry down the Moone, and wooe the Stars for light?
What if thy too neglected Soyle abound
With noyſome Weeds? wilt thou diſclaime the ground?
Or wouldſt thou dry the earths full breaſt, that feeds
Thy fragrant *Flowers*, becauſe it Foſters Weeds?
Ah, my *Philorthus*, thus the cauſe now ſtands
With us poore Swaynes, The power of our hands,
Entruſted there by our all-wiſe God *Pan*,
(To whom the frailties of collapſed Man
Was knowne too well) for ſome diſorders growne
Among us Swaines is cry'd, is voted downe;
And that faire Livelyhood that late maintaind
Thoſe love-preſerving Feſtivals which chaind
Our mutuall hearts in links of love; which clad

The naked Orphan, and reliev'd the ſad
Afflicted Widow, and releas'd the bands
Of the leane Priſoner grip'd with the hard hands
Of his too juſt Oppreſſor; this they ſay
Is to be ſhortned, if not ſnacht away.

*Philorthus.*

Ah, gentle Shepheard, heaven, ah, heavens forefend,
Thoſe Tydes ſhould ebb that flow to ſuch an end;
But ſome we feare bin more corrupt then ſo;
They'r two things, what they ſhould, and what they do.

*Philarchus.*

True my *Philorthus*, ſome lewd Swaines there be
That have more Bags then Bowels, that can ſee
Pale miſery panting at their Lordly gates,
Anſwerd with Statutes, and repulſive Rates;
Whoſe hard, whoſe Adamantine eare can brooke
The ſad *Complaints* of thoſe (who cannot looke
Beyond the Proſpect of conſuming Griefe)
Without Remorſe at all, without Reliefe;
Whoſe wanton *tables*, deckt with coſtly fare,
Pamper their idle bodies, and prepare
Oyle for their Luſt, whoſe craving thoughts, made poore
With too much wealth, condemne themſelves to more;
And ſuch they be *Philorthus* whoſe lewd fames
And lives have poyſond the illuſtrious names
Of reverend Shepheards, whoſe ambitious Pride
Hath brought contempt, and made the world deride

What

What late it honour'd ; now diſdaind, abhord
By whom they were as much, ere while, ador'd.
Ah Shepheard theſe are they whoſe vaine Ambition
Made us ſad Partners in the worlds deriſion ;
But that which wounds my ſoule beyond redreſſe,
And aggravates my griefe above exceſſe,
Thoſe P*aſt'rall* ſtaves wherewith thoſe reverend Sages
Of former times have rul'd ſo many ages,
And by a ſettled Government, exilde
Confus'd diſorder, the prodigious Childe
Of factious *Anarchie*, Thoſe Rods of power
That rul'd our ſwaines by day, and did ſecure
Their Folds by night, are threatned from our hands,
And all our Flocks to bow to new Commands.

*Philorthus.*

It cannot be, the great Aſſembly's wiſe ;
Has many Heads, and twice as many Eyes,
Eyes bright as day, that view both things and times,
Faſt cloſd to Perſons, open to their Crimes :
Judgement, not Fancy, moves in that bright Sphere;
There are no Ends, no by-Reſpects are there :
The care of Truth and zeale of publique Reſt
Reſts in their reſtleſſe, their united breſt :
Heav'n be their Guide, and may their paines encreaſe
Heav'ns glory, and this glorious Iſlands peace ;
Ah, thinkſt thou Shepheard, their heav'n-guided heart
Will venture to decline his wayes, or ſtart

From Heav'ns Example? Heav'n was pleaſd to beare
With very *Sodom*, had but ten been there
That had beene righteous; loath to mixe the blood
Of guilty thouſands with ſome few of good:
No queſtion Shepheard but the enormous crimes
Of our Profeſsion, heightened vvith the times,
Are foule enough; nor could ſuch Actions lye
Conceald and clos'd before ſo cleare an Eye;
And being ſeene, how could they chooſe but grate
The groaning Feoffees of our tottering State?
Hovv could our growing greatneſſe chooſe but blovv
And quicken up their zealous flames? or hovv
Could our untam'd Ambition hope to ſtand
Againſt the power of ſo great a hand?
But they are juſt and vviſe, and vviſdome ſtill
Shevvs rather vvhat it can, then vvhat it vvill.
When publique Juſtice threatens, it propounds
Way for amendment, rather then confounds:
And far leſſe coſt and dammage vvill enſue
To vveede old Gardens, then to dig a nevv.

*Philarchus.*

True, Shepheard, But they plead for vvant of dreſsing
Our Garden's forfeited, and they are preſsing
Hard for Reentry; They have ſeald a deed
Upon the ground, intending to proceed
Next Tearme t' Ejectment, by vvich meanes they'l ſtand
A nevv poſſeſt and re-enjoy the Land.

*Philorthus.*

*Philorthus.*

Shepheard, we hold in Ferme from great god Pan;
His Counſell drew the Leaſe; If wiſer Man
Can finde a flaw, our weakneſſe muſt appeale
To Pan's *Vicegerent*; He will vouch the Seale
Faire and authentick: If the Common Lawes
Condemne our Right, by vertue of that Clauſe
Of heedleſſe Forfeiture, O then vve flye
To be reliev'd in the high *Chancery*,
That uncorrupted Court that now does reſt
In the great Chamber of th'Aſſemblies breſt:
Ther's Judgment there, vvhich idle heapes of gold
Deſpaires to bribe, And Conſcience there's unſold:
Poore Shepheards, there, ſhall find as faire acceſſe,
As Peeres, as Princes, and as juſt redreſſe.

*Philarchus.*

Heav'n be our great Protection, and cloſe
Their ſuits-attending eares againſt all thoſe,
Whom rayling Ignorance, and frantick Zeale
Hath onely taught the way to ſay, and ſeale,
And ſet their marks, not having skill to ſhape
A letter; or, without a Lye, to ſcape
The danger of *Non legit*, whoſe profeſsion
Is onely to ſcorne *Lambeth*, and diſcretion:
Theſe be fit men *Philorthus* to deſcend
Into theſe Liſts, ſweet Champions to contend
About theſe Myſt'ries, likely to confound
Thoſe famous Worthies that have ſearcht the ground

Of Sage Antiquity ; wherein of old,
Our Government was wrapt, and ſtill enroll'd.

*Philorthus.*

Come Shepheard come, our great Aſſemblie's wiſe,
And for a while, in policy complies
With the rude Multitude, vvho muſt have day,
To breath their Humours, which would elſe breake way,
Like earth-impriſoned Aire, vvhoſe ſudden birth
Startles the world, and ſhakes the ſhivering earth :
It is the nature of the vulgar breſt
Still to miſſlike, and count that *State* the beſt
Which they enjoy not ; Pleas'd vvith Novelties,
They grow impatient of the old, and prize
What's next in hope ; more happy in expectation
Then when poſſeſt ; all fire to Alteration:
But Shepheard know; our grave Aſſembly pryes
Where they nere view'd, and lookes vvith clearer eyes ;
Their vviſdomes know, what *ſudden* Change portends :
Things raſh begun, too oft in danger ends ;
But unavoided Ruine daily waites
On ſuddaine change of fundamentall States.

*Philarchus.*

I but *Philorthus*, vvhilſt the State complies
With the tumultuous Vulgar, tumults riſe,
And rude diſorder creeps into our playnes,
Swaines will be Shepheards, Coblers vvill be Swaines;
Flocks are diſturb'd, and paſtures are defac'd ;
Swaines are deſpis'd, and Shepheards are diſgrac'd,

Orders

*Orders* are laught to ſcorne; and, in concluſion,
Our Kingdome's turn'd a *Chaos* of confuſion.

*Philorthus.*

Why Shepheard, there's the Plot: the ſureſt way
To take the Fiſh, is give her leave to play,
And yeild her Line; He beſt can cure the Cauſe
That markes th' effect; *Evill manners breed good Lawes*:
The vviſe Aſſembly knowing vvell the length
Of the rude popular foote, vvith vvhat a ſtrength
The vulgar fancy ſtill purſues the Toy
That's laſt preſented, leaves them to enjoy
Their uncontrolled wils, untill they tyre
And quickly ſurfeit on their own deſire,
Whoſe wild Diſorders ſecretly confeſſe
Needfull ſupport of vvhat they'd moſt ſuppreſſe:
But vvho comes here? *Anarchus*?

*Philarchus.*

'Tis the ſame;

*Philorthus.*

How like a *Meteor* made of Zeale and flame
The man appeares?

*Philarchus.*

Or like a blazing *Star*
Portending change of State, or ſome ſad Warre;
Or death of ſome good Prince.

*Philarthus.*

He is the *trouble*
Of three ſad Kingdomes.

*Philarchus.*

Even the very *Bubble*,
The froth of troubled waters ;

*Philorthus.*

Hee's a *Page*
Fill'd with Errata's of the preſent Age;

*Philarchus.*

The Churches *Scourge* ;

*Philorthus.*

The devils *Enchiridion*

*Philarchus.*

The Squib, the *Ignis fatuus* of Religion :
But hee's at hand : Anarchus what's the newes ?

*Philorthus.*

In a *Browne* ſtudie ?

*Philarchus.*

Speechleſſe ?

*Philorthus.*

In a Muſe ?

*Anarchus.*

Man, if thou be'ſt a Babe of Grace,
And of an holy Seed,
I will reply incontinent,
And in my words proceed ;
But if thou art a Childe of wrath,
And lewd in converſation,
I will not then converſe with thee,
Nor hold communication.

*Philorthus.*

*Philorthus.*

I truſt *Anarchus*, we all three inherit
The ſelfe ſame Gifts, and ſhare the ſelfe ſame Spirit.

*Anarchus.*

Know then my brethren, heav'n is cleare
And all the Clouds are gon;
The Righteous now ſhall flouriſh, and
Good dayes are comming on;
Come then, my Brethren, and be glad
And eke rejoyce with me;
Lawn ſleeves & Rochets ſhal go down,
And, hey! then up go we.

Wee'l breake the windowes which the (Whore
Of Babilon hath painted,
And when the Popiſh Saints are downe
Then *Barow* ſhalbe Sainted;
Ther's neither Croſſe nor Crucifixe
Shall ſtand for men to ſee; (down,
Romes traſh and trumperies ſhall goe
And, hey! then up go we.

What ere the Popiſh hands have built
Our Hammers ſhall undoe; (Copes,
Wee'l breake their Pipes and burne their
And pull downe Churches too:
Wee'l exerciſe within the Groves,
And teach beneath a Tree,
Wee'l make a Pulpit of a Cart,
And, hey! then up go we.

Wee'l downe with all the *Varſities*
Where Larning is profeſt,
Becauſe they practiſe and maintaine
The language of the Beaſt:
Wee'l drive the Doctors out of doores,
And Arts what ere they be,
Wee'l cry both Arts & Larning downe,
And, hey! then up go we.

Wee'l down with Deanes and Prebends
But I rejoyce to tell ye, too,
How then we will eate Pig our fill,
And Capon by the belly:
Wee'l burne the Fathers witty Tomes,
And make the Schoole-men flee,
Wee'l down with all that ſmels of wit,
And, hey! then up go we.

If once that Antichriſtian crew
Be cruſht and overthrowne,
Wee'l teach the Nobles how to croutch,
And keep the Gentry downe;
Good manners have an evill report,
And turnes to pride we ſee,
Wee'l therfore cry good manners down,
And, hey! then up go we.

The name of Lord ſhall be abhor'd,
For every man's a brother,
No reaſon why in Church or State,
One man ſhould rule another:
But when the change of Government
Shall ſet our fingers free,
Wee'l make the wanton Siſters ſtoope,
And, hey! then up go we.

Our Coblers ſhall tranſlate their Soules
From Caves obſcure and ſhady,
Wee'l make *Tom T*—— as good as my Lord
And *Ioane* as good as my Lady. (
Wee'l cruſh and fling the marriage Ring
Into the Roman See; (hands
Wee'l ask no bands, but even clap
And hey! then up go we.

*Philarchus.*

Heaven keep ſuch *vermin* hence: If ſinfull duſt
May boldly chuſe a puniſhment, and truſt
Their own deſires, let famin plague or Sword,
A treacherous friend, or (what is more abhor'd)
A fooliſh-faire contentious wife, firſt ſeize
On our ſad ſoules, then ſuch wild beaſts as theſe.

*Anarchus.*

Surely thou art an Hypocrite,
A lewd falſe hearted Brother;
I find thou art a Child of Rome,
And ſmell the whore thy Mother.

*Philorthus.*

Away falſe *varlet*; come not neere my flocks;
Thou taint'ſt my paſtures; Neither Wolfe nor Fox
Is halfe ſo furious; They, by ſtealth, can prey,
Perchance, upon a Lambe, and ſo away;
But thy blood-thirſty malice is ſo bold,
Before my face to poyſon all my fold:
I warn thee hence; come not within my liſt;
Be ſtill, what thou art thought, a *Seperatiſt*.

*Anarchus.*

Thou art the ſpawne of Antichriſt,
And ſo is this thy Brother;
Thou art a man of *Beliall*,
And he is ſuch another:
I ſay thou art a Prieſt of *Baal*,
And ſurely I defie thee;
To Satan I will leave thy ſoule,
And never more come nigh thee.

*Philarchus.*

*Philarchus.*

A gentle riddance: O may never croſſe
Fall heavier on this Land, then ſuch a loſſe.

*Philorthus.*

But thinkſt thou, Swaine, the great Aſſemblies eye
Beholds not theſe baſe Sycophants that lye
Cloſe gnawing at the roote, as well as thoſe,
That with the *Romiſh* Axe, ſtrike down right blows
On the maine *body* of Religions tree?
Think'ſt thou their ſharp ey'd Providence can ſee
The Chamber Councels, and the cloſe deſignes
Of forraigne Princes, and their ſecret Mines
Of State Invention? Can their wiſdomes rome
Through all the world, and yet be blinde at home?
No, no; *Philarchus*, the Aſſemblies hand
Feeles but, as yet, the *Pulſes* of the Land,
Seeks out the ev'll; and, with a skilfull eye,
Enquiers where the peccant humours lye:
But when th'apparent *Symptomes* ſhall diſcloſe
The certaine griefes that vexe and diſcompoſe
Our univerſall *Body*; then, no doubt,
Their active Wiſdomes ſoone will caſt about,
To make a glorious *Cure*, which ſhall enhaunce
Heav'ns greater glory, ſettle and advaunce
The reſt of groaning *Sion*, to th'encreaſe
Of their own honour, and *great Britains* peace.

*Philarchus.*

My bended knee ſhall never riſe till then

*Philorthus.*

Heav'n nere ſhall reſt, till Heav'n ſhall ſay *Amen.*

---

## A word more to the READER.

*THe Author, (as I am informed) being not over curious of this Peece, was made bold with, concerning the ſpeech of* Anarchus; *which hath been nos'd by the Balad-ſingers about the ſtreets of* London, *with ſome additions of their owne, to make up a full penny worth: What you had then by ſtealth, now yee have by purchaſe, which with all the reſt you may lawfully (if you pleaſe) now call your owne.*

FINIS.

D
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